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GRANDMOTHER

How can I, wordless, make you understand,
When you so gently stroke my withered hand
And ask me if I like my tea,
And if the long night rested me?
  O girl, my body, not my heart, is dead—
  Tell me, oh, tell me what your lover said!

Tell how the moonlight on the garden lay,
And what is the red flower you wear today.
  I knew it once—the memory is dead.
  Tell me, oh, tell me what your lover said!

WORLD LULLABY

My cryin' baby of a World
  I've left behind today—
I would na mither it for a'
  The red jew'ls of Cathay!

For I am breasted to the moors
  And skirted for the sea—
That cryin' baby of a World,
  It shan't come botherin' me!

I will not even stop to find
  What ye're a-cryin' for—
A-wailin' and a-scrappin',
  And a-callin' of it "War."